



# bunker hill



 65  4  5

## Chapter 1 by Thomas McCann

you are a young boy at 17 at the battle of bunker hill fighting off the british

## Chapter 2 by Jon Michael Johnson



Thomas was dodging the demands from his mother that he had yet to get his chores done. He was far too keyed up to worry about slopping the pig! The rebels were keeping Boston on edge and word had it that they were up to something on Bread Hill, just over the ridge from their place and not far from Bunker Hill.

Thomas' father was a sympathizer. But he wasn't allowed to talk about it because his Uncle Benjamin was a king's man through and through. This was a constant source of tension in the family. Thomas didn't care. He couldn't stand Uncle Benjamin who had a nasty disposition and a very short fuse.

Father had been gone for two days now and mother was frantic.

"Tommie!"

Thomas groaned. He was just about to dodge around back and head for the nearby woods when he heard the galloping of horses coming up the roadway toward the house. He held his breath as he strained to see who was coming.

## Chapter 3 by Captain



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"Whoa!" Thomas thought. "Wait til mom hears about this!"

He stepped up on the path back to his house when he heard a snap behind him. Before he had a chance to turn and see what was happening, everything went black.

It took a second for him to realize that he wasn't hurt. He hadn't been knocked out or anything. Someone and put something over his face and had their hand over his mouth. Someone really big! Because Thomas, who was a strapping lad, couldn't move...not a muscle.

"Tommie!" He heard his mother shouting.

Thomas struggled, it was useless he couldn't move.

"Keep quiet or you die right here!"

The whisper in his ear stopped Thomas cold. He could barely breath.. It could be the voice of Satan himself. He stopped struggling and kept still.

He felt the grip on his head loosen a bit and he took a gulp of air through the foul smelling cloth covering his head.

"Tommie! If I have to come and find you..."

There was a sudden surge of horses hooves on the roadway. Suddenly, Thomas felt himself fly to the ground and a body slammed down on top of him. The rag flew off and he looked into the eyes of his captor.

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